

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

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[NO. 34.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

The Traveller.

A FRAGMENT.

A TRAVELLER, alighting from a carriage to ease the horses which were ascending an exceeding steep hill, was struck by the noble appearance of a magnificent castle which crowned its summit. The basis was firm as the rocks of Albion: the lofty turrets rose majestically above the ancient trees, and seemed equally to mock the still insidious hand of time as the rage of faction.

As the traveller reached its massive gates, the last rays of an autumnal sun were shining on the rich coloured windows, and reflected the arms of the noble family in a thousand different hues. The spacious courts were filled by high bred horses, elegant equipages, and servants in splendid liveries; and all was bustle, and denoted that the master of the castle had but just arrived.

The traveller again resumed a seat in the chaise, breathing a sigh; and leaning forward to catch a glimpse of the magnificent building, uttered the following words: "Happy mortal, highly favored of Heaven! In the noble, the honorable castle of your ancestors, what care can reach your heart, what pain corrode your bosom? Cast an eye of retrospection, and the brave deeds of your forefathers shine with resplendence which reflect honour on you. Does thy glance pierce futurity? all the pleasures of wealth and beauty court your acceptance. The invention of man is employed daily to add a something more to your comforts or your pleasure. Your servants stand ready to fly at your command, and to anticipate your wishes. Ah, how different is my lot! from infancy doomed to misfortune, the child of delusion, the victim of depravity. I entrusted my all to a false friend, who

has fled, and reduced me almost to beggary. I conferred my fondest youthful affections on one, who has deserted me for a wretch every way my inferior. Sure Providence is unmindful of the creatures its power has formed! What has the rich possessor of yon noble castle done to merit the favor of Heaven more than thousands of miserable beings who know not where to lay their heads? But some are born to be happy; while others, quite as deserving, exist only to feel every species of misery and woe.

As these reflections crossed the traveller's mind, the chaise entered the inn-yard. The lonely stranger desired to be conducted to a private room, there further to indulge these melancholy and repining thoughts—to weep unseen over the woes an unfeeling world and the treachery of false friends had inflicted on a heart worthy of a better fate.

The next morning the sun rose with a rufulence which appeared to cheer all nature but the heart of the desolate traveller, who after partaking of a solitary breakfast determined on a walk. The country was delightful—the birds were chanting their morning hymns to their Creator; the strong ox was cropping his simple repast, and the beneficent cows were ruminating in the running stream. The beauties of nature are commonly unheeded by the child of sorrow; yet a sudden turn of the path discovered to the view of the stranger one of those scenes so romantically beautiful, so exceedingly lovely, that even the eye of apathy could not behold it unmoved. A smoothly shaven green sloping with a gentle declivity to the banks of a soft murmuring rivulet, on whose transparent bosom sailed in conscious pride several stately swans; led over a rustic bridge to the village church, whose modest spire scarcely rose above the dark yew and melancholy cypress, which shaded the humble graves of the unassuming sons and daughters of industry. On the church yard stile sat an aged man in the dress of a sol-

dier, whose honest sun burnt features were softened by a tear, as he pensively contemplated by an opposite stone.

Beyond the church-yard a fine open country appeared to the view: the green hedge, the lofty oak, the slender pine, the trembling poplar, and the lowly cottage, alternately charmed the eye, and formed a striking contrast to the bold magnificence of the castle, whose lofty turrets and numerous watch-towers appeared with proud pre-eminence above the tops of the highest trees, and added a beauty to the scene at once awful and sublime. But the whole attention of the traveller was engaged by a female figure reclining on a green bank. She was of the finest order of fine forms; her dress, which was black, fell in graceful drapery around her feet. Her fine arms were bare, and the dazzling fairness of her bosom was partly shaded by the redundant tresses of her flaxen hair. Her face, exquisitely beautiful, was pale as the unsullied snow, and her azure eyes bent with silent despair on a small basket of flowers. At a little distance stood a female attendant, who watched the fair mourner with the utmost solicitude. The feet of the stranger were by an irresistible impulse led towards her: She lifted up her eye to the sympathetic intruder, who discovered with horror that the beautiful casket had lost its gem; reason was fled forever—settled woe and black despair obscured her fine features. "Behold those flowers," said she to the stranger whom she addressed. "Here is the lily—how fragrant its breath! how spotless its leaves! It is the humblest of flowers, yet the Creator of the world has pronounced it beautiful. I was once like this lily, the emblem of peace and innocence; but ambitious of becoming a rose, the queen of flowers, of bearing my blushing honors thick around me. I forgot that the rose was doomed to wear a thorn, which the humble, modest lily escaped. I became a rose; for one little hour was the queen of the garden; a sudden storm arose;

blighted my budding blossoms—withered my young leaves—dispersed my ill gained honors, and left me bare and exposed, a stubborn, an ungrateful thorn, which pierced the noble heart of the blooming Henry. Come not near me—I am deceitful—I am treacherous, and ruin all those who wish me well!”

Her attitude, her voice, her manner, spoke forcibly to the feelings of the wondering stranger, who could not conceal the sympathizing ear. “Do not weep,” continued the lovely maniac. “I have drowned him in my tears, and buried him in my heart. Hah! hah! hah! his uncle will look for him in vain. But I must go and throw my flowers in the river, to appease the angry god!”

She arose with precipitation, when the attendant approached, and whispering something in her ear, she instantly reseated herself, crossed her arms on her bosom, and casting up her fine eyes to heaven, with a countenance of unutterable woe, was silent. The stranger, unable longer to witness this soul-melting scene, hastily crossed the rustic bridge. The old soldier put his hand to his hat. “I perceive,” said he, “you are a stranger: but you would be a stranger to humanity, could you behold unmoved the sorrows of your Rosabell.” “You seem to know her story, Sir, will you oblige me with the particulars?” “Alas!” said the veteran, with a heavy sigh, “I do know her story, and mournful it is. She is the lady of yonder noble castle, whose proud turrets have withstood many a long siege. (The stranger started.) Three and twenty years she was the pride of our village, and the boast of the country. She is the only child of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, whose only fault was a too great attachment to the honour of that family. From that pride sprung all his daughter’s woe, and that fatal error cost him first his happiness, and then his life. But we have all a something to embitter our existence, I was his school-fellow; and if his fault was too much family pride, why mine was too little: for in a wild prank, to avoid the kind remonstrances of a father, who would have died to do me good, I entered the army, and after being promoted, by the dint of hard duty, to the rank of major, returned twelve years ago to my native village, with a wooden leg and a ruined constitution. But faith, now I have got on my wooden leg, I am running from my subject. Rosabell was admired by all who saw her. Young, beautiful, sparkling as an angel, can you be surprised that she was vain? yet she had nearly made me expose myself to the world for an old fool. One fine morning, dressed in my best regimentals, hair powdered, and armed at all points for conquest, I marched to my old friend’s, and offered my half pay, myself, and my wooden leg, to the acceptance of Rosabell; who, laughing heartily at the manœuvre, asked me if my captain did not, when beating up for volunteers, always prefer the young and whole to the old and maimed? At the same time presenting Henry Dormer to me as the man her heart preferred. I could not but own she was right, and swore by the god of war to make their first-born my heir.

“Henry was the counterpart of Rosabell:—generous, noble, and sincere, he was not formed to sue in vain. His future prospects were splendid; but much depended on the pleasure of an old rich uncle, who proudly thought his nephew

might look higher for a wife than the fortunes Rosabell. However, youth is not easily depressed; and Henry fondly hoped his presence might move his uncle in his favour more than a letter could. Accordingly he set off for Belfast, to try his rhetoric on his uncle, but with an avowed determination to marry his Rosabell at his return if her father consented, who promised his consent on condition of his gaining that of his rich uncle. But Henry could hardly have reached the Hibernian shores when the lord of the castle came down, for the first time to visit his large estate in this country.

(Conclusion in our next.)

History of Belisarius.

AMAZING must it appear, that a man who had rendered himself, by a military prowess, the admiration of the age he lived in, should, after services rendered to his country and his monarch, be rewarded with degradation, imprisonment, and loss of sight, without other cause than private malice and envy: Yet such was the fate of Belisarius; who, after commanding the armies of Justinian, and recovering Africa (which had been upwards of an hundred years separated from the empire) frequently defeating the Persians, and chasing the Goths out of Italy, met with such returns.

“On the night when Belisarius was loaded with fetters, and like a state criminal thrown into gaol, amazement, grief, and consternation, filled his palace. The alarm which seized his wife Antonina, and Eudoxa his only daughter, gave a picture of despair and agony in their most striking colours. At length Antonina, recovering from her fright, and calling to mind the favours which the empress had lavished on her, began to flatter herself that the apprehensions were groundless; she condemned, with self-reproach, the weakness she had betrayed. Admitted to an intimacy and dearness with Theodora, the companion and sharer of all her social pleasures, she depended upon support from that quarter, or at least she believed that Theodora was her friend.” In this pleasing hope she attended the levee of the empress; but the former intimacy was now changed to frigid indifference, and Antonina was obliged to retire without the least consolation. She went home to her Eudoxa, and in an hour’s time received directions to depart the city: an old ruinous castle was destined the place of her exile. In this solitude, the unhappy mother and daughter remained a year without receiving any tidings of Belisarius.

“A conspiracy had been detected; the hero was charged with being the author of it, and the voice of his enemies which was called the public voice, pronounced him guilty of the treason. The principal conspirators had suffered death in determined silence without the smallest intimation of their leader; upon this was founded presumptive proof against Belisarius, and for want of positive evidence, he was left to languish in a dungeon, in hopes that his death would supersede the necessity of clear conviction. In the mean time, the old disbanded soldiery, who now were mingled with the people, clamoured for the enlargement of their general, and were ready to vouch for his innocence: a popular insurrection followed, universally menacing to force the pris-

on doors, unless he was immediately set at liberty. This tumult enraged the emperor. Theodora perceiving it, managed artfully to seize the moment of ill humour and passion, knowing that then only he was capable of injustice. Well, said she, let him be given up to the populace after he is rendered unable to command them. The horrible advice prevailed; it was the decisive judgment against Belisarius.

“When the people saw him come forth without an eye in his head, a general burst of rage and lamentation filled the city. Belisarius appeased the tumult. My friends and countrymen, said he, your emperor has been imposed upon; every man is liable to error: it is our business to regret Justinian’s error, and to serve him still; innocence is now the only good they have left me; let me possess it still. The revolt you threaten, cannot restore what I have lost, but it may deprive me of the only consolation that remains in my breast. The swelling spirits of the populace subsided at these words into a perfect calm; they offered him all they were worth. Belisarius thanked them; All I will ask, says he, is one of your boys, to guide my steps to the asylum where my family expects me.”

Belisarius, journeying homewards, and begging alms as he went, came to a castle where a party of gentlemen were regaling themselves; he besought admittance, and it was granted: the observations he made on their discourse excited their curiosity to know who he was, and he declared himself. Tiberius (who came afterwards to be emperor) was one of the company. In the morning he departed before his hosts were stirring.

The next evening he arrived at a village, where an husbandman entertained him with great hospitality; this husbandman, however, proved to be Gilimer, king of the Vandals, whom Belisarius had led in triumph to Constantinople, with his wife and children involved in his captivity. Each acknowledged who he was, and they parted with mutual admiration and mutual condolences.

Belisarius was now near the asylum of his family, when he was met by a party of Bulgarians, sent by their king in search of him, in hopes resentment would attach him to their interest against his country. He was conducted to the Bulgarian camp, the king received him nobly, and made tender of even the moiety of the imperial dignity, which he hoped with our hero’s assistance, soon to obtain. All offers proving fruitless, the king struck with admiration, ordered him to be escorted to the place where he had been seized.

He now reached the village, where he was entertained with the greatest joy and gratitude, by a family who had been by his means protected from the ravage of the Huns. They were in expectation of him, as Tiberius had enquired for him of them, and had been already at Belisarius’s castle, in quest of that hero, before himself arrived there, the adventure with the Bulgarians having detained him some time.

Belisarius at length arrived at home, thus wretched and blind. At the first sight Eudoxa gave a scream and swooned away. Antonina, who was ill of a slow consuming fever, was seized with the most frantic violence: with all her former calmness she started from her bed, and breaking from the hold of Tiberius and the

woman that nursed her, made an effort to dash herself against the floor. Eudoxa returning to her senses, and animated by the shrieks of her mother, flew to her assistance, and catechized her in her arms, implored her to forbear out of compassion to her daughter. "Oh, let me, let me die, replied the distracted mother; if I must live, I will live to revenge his wrongs, and to tear piece-meal the hearts of his barbarous enemies. The monsters of iniquity! is that his recompence? But for him they would all long ago have been buried in the ruins of their palaces: he has prolonged their tyranny, that is his crime: for that he suffers; for that he has made atonement to the people. Barbarity unheard of! detested treachery! the pillar of the state! their deliverer! Execrable court; a set of blood-hounds met in council! Just heaven are these your ways? Behold innocence is oppressed, and you look tamely on. Behold! the factors of destruction triumph in their guilt!"

Amidst this agony of grief, she scattered her hair about the room in fragments, and with her own hands defaced her features: now with open arms she rushed upon her lord, and clasping him to her heart, poured forth her tears as if she would drown him with her sorrows; then abruptly turning to her daughter, Die thou wretch! she said, escape from a bad world! here is nought but misery for virtue, and triumph for vice and infamy.

To this violence a mortal languor succeeded. The storm of passion gave a fit of momentary strength, the more effectually to destroy. In a few hours after she breathed her last.

Belisarius did not endeavour to controul his own grief or that of his daughter; he permitted a free vent to both; but as soon as he had paid to nature the tribute of a feeling heart, he reassumed his strength, and emerged from his afflictions with true fortitude of mind.

Tiberius had related to the emperor the circumstance of Belisarius begging admittance to the castle where the gentlemen were regaling; this he did with the utmost accuracy, and took occasion, in repeating the conversation which passed there, to assert Belisarius must be innocent of the crimes he was charged with. Justinian resolved to see and talk with him: Tiberius was to provide the means; he accordingly pursued him. After the melancholy catastrophe of Antonina, he gained admittance; this amiable young nobleman soon acquired the friendship of the father, and soon was captivated by the daughter.

It was now concerted between Justinian and Tiberius, that the former should pass for the latter's father, this was put in execution, and many visits were paid Belisarius in that manner.

As they were going to visit the hero one morning, a party of Bulgarians seized and plundered them, and were carrying them prisoners; they offered any ransom to be safely conducted whither they were going. Where is that said the Barbarians? To Belisarius, replied the emperor. At this name they were struck with awe; and not only conducted them there, but offered to return the booty they had seized. Justinian expressed his amazement at this deference paid to the aged hero; a conversation succeeded, in which Belisarius artlessly excupiated himself from every charge of his enemies. The emperor, overcome at finding he had been thus deceived, could no

longer contain himself, but acknowledging who he was, begged for forgiveness, and entreated Belisarius to return with him.

In vain did the hero use every intreaty to be left in solitude: to appease the anguish of the emperor's mind, he was obliged to comply with his request, and promise to accompany him. The consent of Belisarius thus obtained, Oh! what a debt, said Justinian to Tiberius, what an unspeakable debt do I now owe thee, thou good young man! What recompence can equal thy virtues for the service they have done me? It is true, my sovereign, you are not rich enough, replied Tiberius, to requite me as I wish. Give it in charge to Belisarius to make me retribution. Poor as he is, he is yet master of a treasure which I prefer to all imperial gifts. My only treasure is my daughter, said Belisarius, and I cannot dispose of her better. With these words the hero called for Eudoxa. She was given in marriage to Tiberius: and all attended Justinian to court. But alas! Belisarius did not survive long enough for the good of mankind, and the glory of his master. The emperor, quite enfeebled and dispirited in the eve of life, paid the tribute of a tear to the memory of his departed hero; and with that short regret, all the good counsels of Belisarius passed away, and left no trace behind.

A remarkable Arabian Story.

IN the abbe de Marigny's history of the Arabians, we have an account of a remarkable event, which was attended with another still more extraordinary.

The historian, after having given us an account of the glorious exploits of the Saracens during the short reign of Yezid the second, who was the fourteenth caliph, thus proceeds:

"While the caliph's generals were strenuously endeavouring to support the military glory of the nation, at the head of numerous armies, that prince, naturally of an indolent disposition, and addicted to sensuality, passed his time with his women, and left the care of his state to his courtiers.

"Amongst the women, his usual companions, were two with whom he was passionately enamoured. One of them was named Selamah; the name of the other was Hababah.

"Yezid, while he was walking with them in a pleasant garden belonging to him, which lay near the Jordan, diverted himself with throwing grape-stones at a distance, and Hababah, with great dexterity caught them in her mouth. (It must be remembered that the grapes of Asia are much larger than those in Europe.) This sport continued some time: at last one of the stones stuck in that fair favourite's throat, and choked her. She died in the caliph's arms.

"Yezid was, beyond expression, afflicted at so melancholy an accident. Nothing was capable of alleviating his excessive grief: on the contrary, he gave a greater indulgence to it. Vain were the preparations they made to pay the last duties to the remains of the unfortunate woman, in order to remove from his sight the object of his sorrow. He would not permit them to remove her. He commanded them to carry her body to his chamber, and shut himself up eight days to feast his eyes with the horrid spectacle. The stench of the carcase, which filled the whole a-

partment, being insupportable to all who were obliged to attend in it, the caliph was forced to consent to its removal, on the representation of his officers, who declared they could not possibly serve him, if he kept the body any longer.

"It was hoped that time, and the absence of the beloved object, would put an end to his sorrow: but it became more acute, and he was so unreasonable as to order the body of his favourite to be taken out of the ground, and brought back to him. No person, however, would obey his orders, and he had not courage enough to insist upon obedience to it. The violence of his affliction threw him into a decline: he languished a short time, then died, and was, according to his last commands, buried in the same grave with his beloved Hababah."

Character

Of the Spanish Peasants, taken from the Weekly Entertainer, for 1789—Published in Europe.

TEMPERATE in their diet, abstemious, sober above all nations, fond of their country, obedient and faithful to their king, these peasants make most excellent soldiers; and as the levies in Spain are for three or five years only, each district assembles annually, and chooses out among its young men those who are unmarried, and can be best spared. By this wise method, their troops are armies of volunteers, and the whole country a militia, who have seen regular service. The Spanish husbandmen still preserve the custom of their fathers, by travelling on foot, from village to village, over the whole peninsula of Spain. A piece of bread in one of their pockets, and a horn cup in the other is their only provisions; they carry their cloaks, doubled long ways, over their left shoulder; and in their right hand bear a porra, or strong staff, with the assistance of which they leap over the rivulets they meet with in their journey. As they go through the towns, they recruit their stock of bread; they seldom choose to lie in them, to avoid the expence of an inn, but when night overtakes them they sleep beneath a shady tree, or the shelving of a rock, covered with their cloaks. In the year 1760, one of my servants at Seville, after having escaped from a long and dangerous illness, asked my permission to perform a vow he had made to visit the shrine of St. Jago, in Galicia, promising to return in five weeks, which, to my astonishment, he performed, although that town is five hundred and ten miles distant from Seville. What service may not be expected from troops thus inured to temperance and fatigue!—The Spaniard, if on foot, always travels as the crow flies, which the openness and dryness of the country permits; neither rivers nor the steepest mountains stop his course; he swims the one, and scales the other, and by this means shortens his journey so considerably, that he can carry an express with greater expedition than any horseman.

ANECDOTE.

A zealous clergyman had taken these words: "And Satan came also among them." At the moment of his reading the text, an old decrepid Negro entering the sanctuary, supposed himself aimed at by the parson, and with a degree of resentment, looking the priest full in the face, retorted, "You glad to see your juder."

Selected Poetry.

*For you ye fair I feel a joy divine,
To gather fruit and point you to the vine.*

The fading Summer :

I SEE the tints of Summer fade,
And see them fade without a sigh ;
For dear to me is Autumn's glade,
And dearer still her evening sky.

Forth when the splendors of the day
No longer sate the gazing mind,
I wander, where from lonely spray
The last note lingers on the wind.

And sweet it is, through coppice near,
To catch the sun's departing gleam,
While every breeze to fancy's ear,
Conveys a soft celestial theme.

Oh, at such hour, when tumult wild
Disturbs no more the tranquil frame,
When every thought, of earth beguil'd,
Feels all of passion but the name ;

Oft with Myrtilla have I trod
The scene to contemplation given,
And as we press'd the dew-bright sod,
Look'd upward to a brighter heaven.

The mild moon dwelling on her cheek,
Seem'd with her breast to sympathize,
And language more than earth could speak,
Shone in her soft retiring eyes.

And will these hours return no more ?
And are those days forever past ?
They are—but Autumn can restore
Such scenes of bliss, as, while they last,

May bid remembrance cease to tell
Of what we know—and when gone by,
These coming hours shall fondly dwell
Where memory holds her fonder tie.

And though to Autumn's latest sheaf
I still must give the pensive sigh,
Yet I can see her falling leaf,
Submissive to a ruder sky.

For Winter, in his arm of might,
Bears many a social hope to me ;
And much I love his longest night,
His longest night of friendly glee.
No brighter moments have I known,
Than those which Winter can bestow,
When friendship draws her circling zone ;
Mid lakes of ice, or fields of snow.

And say thou solace of each care ;
Nor less than Author of my joy,
A solace that I do not share ;
A sweetness that could never cloy.

Myrtilla, say, recluse from all
That restless fashion would esteem ;
When storms have vex'd this rocking ball,
Was peace with us ? or but a dream ?

Surrounded then, as some would think,
With prospect useless, void, and drear ;
When Nature's self appear'd to sink
In sorrow o'er her dying year,

Have we not heard, from scenes like these,
Her awful, yet maternal voice ?
"Mid snow-clad plains, and leafless trees,
Still let DOMESTIC LOVE rejoice."

To the Ladies.

*Just published, and for sale at the Bookstore of
THOMAS & TAPPAN, price one Dollar, the 4th
edition of a new system of*

DOMESTIC COOKERY,

Formed upon principles of *economy*, and adapted to the use of private families—by a LADY. *Containing*, Miscellaneous observations for the use of the Mistress of a Family—Different methods of cooking the several kinds of Fish—Observations on dressing Fish.—On dressing Meats—On dressing Poultry—On making Pies—On making Soups—On making Gravies and Sauces—On making Vinegars and Pickles—On making Stews—On making Salads and boiling Vegetables—Small Dishes for Supper—Force meat for Patties, Balls, or Stuffing—Pastry—Puddings—Sweet Dishes—Fruits—Ices—Cakes—French Bread—To make and preserve Yeast—To pot and roast Cheese.—To poach Eggs—On managing a Dairy—Home Brewery—Cookery for the Sick—Useful Directions to give to Servants.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the directions which follow were intended for the conduct of the families of the authoress's own daughters, and for the arrangement of their table, so as to unite a good figure with proper economy, she has avoided all excessive luxury, such as essence of ham, and that wasteful expenditure of large quantities of meat for gravy, which so greatly contributes to keep up the price, and is no less injurious to those who eat, than to those whose penury bids them abstain. Many receipts are given for things which, being in daily use, the mode of preparing them may be supposed too well known to require a place in a cookery book ; yet how rarely do we meet with fine melted butter, good toast and water, or well made coffee ! She makes no apology for minuteness in some articles, or for leaving others unnamed, because she writes not for professed cooks. This little work would have been a treasure to herself, when she first set out in life, and she therefore hopes it may be useful to others. In that idea it is given to the public, and as she will receive from it no emolument, so she trusts it will escape without censure.

The best recommendation this work can have, is to say, that it has run through three large editions the year past. October 1, 1808.

SPECTACLES.

Thomas & Tappan,

No. 1, Sheafe's Buildings, Market-Street,
HAVE just received a large assortment of SPECTACLES, of every age, quality and price. Those who may call, cannot fail being suited. Oct. 1.

J. Johnson,

INFORMS his friends, and the public at large, that he has lately opened a shop near the ferry-ways, where he carries on the business of a BARBER, in all its various branches ; and pledges himself to give satisfaction to all who shall honour him with their custom.

Portsmouth, Sept. 24, 1808.

Select Miscellaneous Classics.

ASTINGS, ETHERIDGE & BLISS,
No. 8, State-street, Boston,
AND S. ETHERIDGE,
Washington Head, Charlestown,
ARE PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,
In 60 Volumes Duodecimo, to be ornamented with plates
engraved by the first American Artists ;

ENTITLED,

"Select Miscellaneous Classics,"

COMPRISING THE ENTIRE WORKS OF

Pope, Swift, Smollet, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson,
Sterne, and Fielding.

PROSPECTUS.

The MISCELLANEOUS CLASSICS are intended to comprise the above valuable and approved authors. The two first volumes of Pope are already published, as a specimen of the size, and style of execution, of this undertaking.—The publishers intend issuing the residue to match the first volumes, so as to complete an uniform set of these valuable and scarce books ; which are intended to form a complete little library of the choicest writings in the English language. This plan offers to the public a cheap and easy mode of procuring the best books, at a very reasonable price, by taking a volume at a time. The payment will be divided in such a manner as will put it in the power of almost every one to purchase it by subscribing. To those who do not subscribe, the price will be raised 25 per cent. at least.

With the fullest confidence of a liberal patronage from those gentlemen who have hitherto supported the American press, the publishers submit the following

CONDITIONS.

1. The Miscellaneous Classics are printing on fine vellum paper, similar to the two first volumes, already published, and which are ready to be delivered to subscribers.
2. The work will be issued, one or more volumes a month, and delivered to subscribers in extra boards, at one dollar each, payable on delivery ; and if not pressed, one dollar and twenty-five cents.
3. Any person having other editions of any of these authors, may have the privilege of taking such only as they have not ; or theirs will be taken at a fair price, in part payment.
4. Individuals procuring subscribers are entitled to one copy for every ten they may obtain, they becoming responsible for the payment.
5. The names and residence of the subscribers to the Miscellaneous Classics, shall be published at the end of the work.

Boston, June 22, 1808.

Subscriptions for the above are received at the
Bookstore of THOMAS & TAPPAN.

TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

Two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage.
To subscribers at a distance one half in advance
will be expected.

One column will be devoted to advertisements.
All communications addressed to the Editor of the
Mirror are requested to be post paid or they will not
meet with attention.

